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*The*

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# PHONO GRAM

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F O U R T H      N U M B E R

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AUGUST

1900



PRINTED MONTHLY  
FOR THOSE INTER-  
ESTED IN PHONES,  
GRAPHS, GRAMS &  
SCOPES. DEVOTED  
TO THE ARTS OF  
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING  
SOUND.

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# *The* PHONOGRAM

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SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR

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¶ The title of this periodical has been chosen for its peculiar significance; *φωνη*, PHONE, the voice, and *γραμμα*, GRAM, that which is written. In simple words, THE PHONOGRAM is a magazine devoted to the arts of recording and reproducing sound.



# KHAKI CLOTH

## A New Fabric for Summer Wear

Made famous (in this country, at least) by the Rough Riders and their charge "up the hill."

Until the Spanish-American unpleasantness, what khaki cloth had been used by the U. S. Army was imported from England. For many years England has equipped all her Indian troops with khaki uniforms. The cloth is light weight. It is fairly waterproof. It don't show dirt. It makes a cool garment.

**DIRTPROOF**

**COOL**

**WATERPROOF**

Early in 1898, the United States Government solicited bids from American manufacturers for enough khaki to equip the Cuban Army of Invasion. Contracts were awarded to many firms, with the result of several grades of cloth. One mill in particular, however, produced such an excellent weave that the Government reserved the output of that one mill for the *exclusive use of its OFFICERS*.

N.B.—This is the mill whose Khaki Cloth I offer.

**ONE DOLLAR A YARD—36 inches wide**

It cannot be excelled in fitness for golf skirts or for walking skirts. For children's use, entire suits are the thing. For men's wear, it is cooler than duck and more serviceable.

Samples sent to any one interested. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. I pay express charges both ways if the fabric does not meet your expectation.

**JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.**

N.B.—I respectfully request intending purchasers to avail themselves of my offer to send samples, that I may feel certain that each package sent C. O. D. will stay placed.



A Charming Little Love Poem

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# We Sat Apart

by Eugene Lee



PRICE, POSTPAID, FIFTY CENTS

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*Printed by* AUGUSTE GIRALDI  
*and published by him at* No. 139 FIFTH  
AVENUE, New York City.



## TIMELY LONGING.

O I long for a seat  
In some sylvan retreat  
Where a brook tinkles merrily by  
Where the leaflets hang down  
Far away from the town,  
And no one may sneak up to spy.

O I would I were there,  
All divested of care  
And likewise of clothes; with a net  
Hanging o'er me, to keep  
Off the skeeters that leap  
For joy when you enter their set.

But alas! I must stay  
In the city to-day  
And pant and perspire, and earn  
The cash we shall blow  
In, (when summer days go)  
For ten tons of fuel to burn!

—From *Chicago Times-Herald*.

---

“Rag time,” says Conrad Mizer, Chairman of the Park Concert Committee of Cincinnati, “has done more to bring the negro to the white man’s affection than any other known power since the Civil War. Gentlemen, rag time has unconsciously established a brotherhood between the two races.”—From the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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CAL STEWART.

Punkin Centre, July 10th, 1900.

Dear friend Herbert, I was just down to the post ofis and Ezra Hoskins, he is the post master, handed me your letter and the book you sent me. Wall Herbert its a darned cute little book. But what in thunder phonogram means is a little more than your uncle can figure out, but the readin in it is purty good, though I haint read much of it as yit, I am going to keep it till some rainy day and then take it out to the barn and I'll just flop down on the hay and have a good read. I did read that story about the ecko down in Washington though, and it put me in mind of something I heerd Si Pettingill tell one time about an ecko. One afternoon we was all settin round the stove at the grocery and Si said that where he was raised there was seven hills



that sort of come together, and if a feller was out there he dasant talk louder than a whisper on account of the ecko. He said there was a feller come there one summer who lowed he waant afraid to talk right out in meetin front of any darned old hill. So one day he went out among the hills and hollered jus as loud as he could holler. Wall he started an ecko a goin and cum darned near gitting killed by it. You see when he hollered, the ecko started off and hit one hill, and then bounced off and hit another one, and then bounced from one hill to another, gitting louder and bigger all the time, till when it got back to where it started from, it hit a stone quarry what was there and a piece of stone flew off and hit that feller and he didn't cum to for over three hours, and the ecko tore up the rocks so that it ruined the stone quarry. We didn't any of us say anything just then but we done right smart of thinking. Wall if I remember jist right, that started a general conversation that would have made Ananias ashamed of himself, and Saphira look like three beans in a kettle of soup. Old Jason Rogers said that nater did play some tarnal queer tricks cause about the coldest day he ever seen was right in the middle of August. We all kind of sot round and shifted our chawin tebacker over on tother side, cause we all knowed what Jason's Reputation was especially when he got warmed up. Jason said that it was along in August onct that he rode his mule over to Ruben Hendrick's place, and hitched him up to a pen of pop corn that stood out by Rubens barn. He said that while he was in the house talking to Ruben, the sun got to shinin so hot on the pop corn that it commenced to poppin and flying round that old mules ears and he thoti t was snow, and when he cum out of the



house the mule was froze to death. The silence after that was something to be remembered ever afterwards. Finally Jim Lawson said he didnt remember any such a sudint spell of cold weather as that. But he thot as how he had seen it rain bout as hard as any one. Wall we wanted to hear what Jim had to say. So Deacon Witherspoon said Jim how hard did you ever see it rain? And Jim said he was setting on his back porch one day, when there cum up a thunder shower that jist about eclipsed any thing he had ever seen or heard tell on. He said there was an old cider barrel out in the yard with both heads outen it, and it was layin there with the bung hole up. Wall it rained so hard in that bung hole that the water couldnt run out both ends of the barrel fast enuff, so it swelled up and busted. After that we sort of left the grocery store, as we didnt feel jist like temtin Providence too much at one settin. There has been considerable doins up our way of late. Abe Miller has been pasturin a cow for Solon Pettit for the past year, so tother day Solon cum over to Abe's house, and lowed as how he wanted to get his cow. Abe said seein that he had pastured and fed the critter, for a year, and as Solon hadnt paid him, he lowed the cow was hisn. Wall they went to law about it, and last Friday the case cum up before Deacon Witherspoon. He is Jestis of the Pease. Wall Deacon Witherspoon heerd both sides of the case, and then giv a decision that I think some of your New York Judges couldnt beat. He said that it appeared that the defendant had pastered and fed one cow, the property of said plaintiff in the case, and it further apeered that said plaintiff had not paid said defendant for his care and feed of said cow for the said period of said year. Hence said defendant had



held said cow as said defendants property, and my decision in the case is, Abe Miller, I think the cow is worth more than one year's feed and care, so therefore Abe seeing that Solon has not paid you, you keep the cow two weeks more and she is yours. Court Will Now Adjourn. Jim Lawson got drunk bout two weeks ago and went to sleep tween a couple of logs down at Jenkins saw mill. Wall they started the masheenery agoin and afore they found out Jim was there, they had sawed off about a foot and a half of his old wooden leg. Jim is whittlin out a new one now. Says he is a goin to put an alarm clock in it that will go off every five minits when he is drunk. Most of us seem to think that the clock will be kept purty busy. Last week we had some doins at Jones's Grove, the Militia company turned out to drill. They are gitting ready for Fourth of July doins. Wall I think the whole Centre was out to see them; All at onct they fired off a cannon, which made old Nancy Smith jump so that she lost her glass eye, and she was that frustrated and upsot that she couldnt find it. A couple of days after that we found Ezra Hoskins boys playin marbles with it. Wall it was so full of gaps and scratches that Nancy couldnt wear it, so Ezra is trimin it down on the grind stone. We had a meetin of the Punkin Centre Literary and Debatin society, last Thursday evenin, at which the followin motto was adopted for the next quarter.

We dont believe in kickin,  
It aint apt to bring us pease;  
Still the wheel that squeeks the loudest  
Is the one that gets the greece.

I am sending you some Maple Sugar, by Ezra Hoskins. He is coming down to New York to get things for his



store. I hope you and your family are all well. Would like to hav you cum up and viset us bout time the summer Pippins git ripe. I am your Affectionate Uncle,

Josh Weathersby.

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### PHONOGRAPH DOLLS.

It is whispered that at last, after three years of constant experimenting, some one has finally found a way to make a Phonograph small enough to be introduced into the stomach of a doll, and be a success as a Phonograph. Mr. Edison thought he had it a long time ago, and thousands of dolls of a suitable size, and with abdominal cavities of the proper size and shape were ordered and made. Later it was found the Phonograph would not work, and the dolls have since been disposed of in small lots at low prices. But now the Phonograph has been shrunk to the proper size, it is claimed, and it still does its business as it should, and this naturally means a tremendous amount of money for some one.

Manufacturers of dolls everywhere have realized from the moment they first heard of a Phonograph that if it could be used with dolls, so that the little creatures of sawdust and wax might sing, laugh, cry, talk, etc., there would be a revolution in the doll business right away, and some one would reap a golden harvest. The struggle to make a doll Phonograph has therefore been incessant, and much money has been sent in pursuit of it. The successful man or men are understood to be located in New England, in the neighborhood of Boston, and they are said to have given it out that Phonograph dolls will be on the market in large numbers in time for the Christmas trade. If a Phonograph doll



can be sold for \$5 the dealers say it will sell rapidly ; if it can be put down to \$2 or \$3 its sale will be phenomenal, for people who are in comparatively straightened circumstances are sure to buy them. They will deny themselves all manner of things in order that their babies may have them, so the dealers say. This is especially true of parents with their first children, and oddly enough, it is not the twenty-five cent dolls nor those that sell for fifty or seventy-five cents that are disposed of in the largest numbers, but the doll that brings at retail from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

But if you add to an ordinary \$2.50 doll a Phonograph and sell it for \$5, the knowing ones in the trade say many families may go hungry but they will have the dolls. Another phase of the business is this : lots of persons get great amusement and pleasure out of the pleasures of their children, even more than the children themselves. A father often buys his boy a mechanical toy so that he may experiment with it himself, and there are many a dozen of roman candles and rockets exploded every July 4th, ostensibly for the children, when the children are too weary from the day's play to think or care for fireworks. So it is to be with Phonograph dolls, say the dealers. The parents will be curious to see and hear the wonderful little toys, and they are to sing and speak everything that is worth singing or speaking.

There is a company just getting on its feet here in Newark, which has just succeeded in making a non-destructible doll. It is said to be the only one made in the United States. It looks for all the world like bisque, but of course it is really very different. You can throw the doll on the floor, or on the stones and it remains whole. Of course it



is not advisable to throw it about, for in time it gets marred and takes on a battered appearance; but it stands the tests remarkably well, and it looks so much like bisque that it is hard to persuade oneself at first sight that it is not breakable. The Newark company hopes to get hold of some of the doll Phonographs or to sell some of its dolls to the doll Phonograph people. It contends that the combination of its non-breakable bodies with the Phonograph arrangement will make the ideal doll, and it is more than likely that this is so. There are more than fifty million dolls made a year in Germany alone, it is said. The Germans have tried to make Phonograph dolls and have failed. —From the *Call*, Newark, N. J.

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### HOW TO BE JOLLY ON THE TROLLEY.

A jolly trolley party was enjoyed Monday evening by about 50 members of Gethsemane commandery, Knights Templars, and their guests. A brilliantly illuminated car of the Newton and Boston street railway left Newtonville square at 7.45 and carried its freight to the Woodland Park hotel, Auburndale. After a substantial spread the guests again boarded the car and rode to Newton Lower Falls, Wellesley and Natick. In the latter town they were greeted by members of the Natick commandery and given an informal reception. Later the Newton party returned over the Wellesley & Boston tracks to Newton, finally arriving in Newtonville about 12. In charge of the party were Past Eminent Commander George Breeden and Recorder Asa Jewett. During the trip the party was entertained by an Edison Phonograph—From the *Circuit*, Newton Centre, Mass.



## DOLLS.

Take the Doll out of child-life and you have a garden without flowers.

My little girl has seven dolls; consequently I have flowers at all times.

Sometimes they are the good old fashioned kinds; larkspur, four-o'clocks, asters. At other times they are rare blooms; an orchid, a century plant or a sport carnation could not be more delicious.

My little girl was playing with Helen, a neighbor's child, whose brother had just died of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Their dolls were sick. "With what?" I asked, "Oh jes' sebo spine and men and Jesus," Helen said. Barbara's doll had "diptenia" and scarlet fever, which fact was announced on the nursery door by a card wonderfully printed and inserted ingeniously into the crack by the hinge, so that it stood out straight into the hall.

When I next came upstairs, the door-knob was draped with white strips of scrim and the youngsters were having a funeral service. Barbara's doll was reposing in an envelope box, while Helen's was crowded rather uncomfortably into a cigar box. "Now I lay me down to sleep" was mournfully repeated beside each victim. As they knelt there I believe they were almost ready to sob, so real was their play.

Then they buried them; one in the down-town cemetery (the back parlor, behind papa's desk) and the other in the up-town cemetery, up in the attic in an old trunk.

An hour later they were having a tea party—including the dolls dressed in their best. I said I was surprised. "I



thought your dollies were buried?" "They *were* mama but we wanted to have a tea party, so we rosed them from the dead." And I suppose I must have hurt their feelings the way I laughed.

---

### A SHORT \*GOWF TALK.

"The golfers are beginning to golf\* a bit these fine days, although the links\* and pins\* are said to be wet\* and rusty\*. Golf balls\*, however, are being danced\* and brassey\* youths are being engaged as tea\* caddies\*. The home plate\* has been uncovered, and put\* in shape, and the bunkers\* are full of coal\* ready for the hazardous\* work of the coming season on the greens\*. Drivers\* are in good demand, but scrubs\* and spavined\* animals are a drug on the market.

"[\*This may not be literally correct, but it covers the case as we understand it from hearing the players talk.]"  
—From *Janesville (Wis.) Gazette*.

### AN OBLIGING TRADESMAN.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want five pounds of sugar, please.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am. Shall we send it for you?

Mrs. Youngwife—No, I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy.

Dealer—I'll make it as light as possible for you, ma'am.

—From the *Philadelphia Press*.



---

**LANTERN AND PHONOGRAPH.****An Evening with Song Pictures.**

---

While spending a few days last summer in the beautiful village of Wayne, Me., I learned that Pastor Erwin Dennett of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and also a former Pastor of Wayne, was to lecture on a certain evening in the Town Hall on "The Flag That Never Knew Defeat;" the lecture to be illustrated with the lantern and the Edison Phonograph.

The evening came and found me among the large audience of townspeople who had assembled in the Town Hall to hear their former Pastor. At 8 o'clock the hall was darkened and after one or two opening scenes, suddenly the most beautiful of earthly banners, the Stars and Stripes appeared on the canvas. The lecturer repeated a little poem entitled "Our Old Flag" and then loud and clear there came from the Phonograph the beautiful song "The Flag that has Never Known Defeat." As the words rang out through the audience:—

"Uncover while the flag goes by !

'Tis Freedom's starry banner that you greet.  
Flag famed in song and story.

'Tis Freedom's flag—Old Glory —

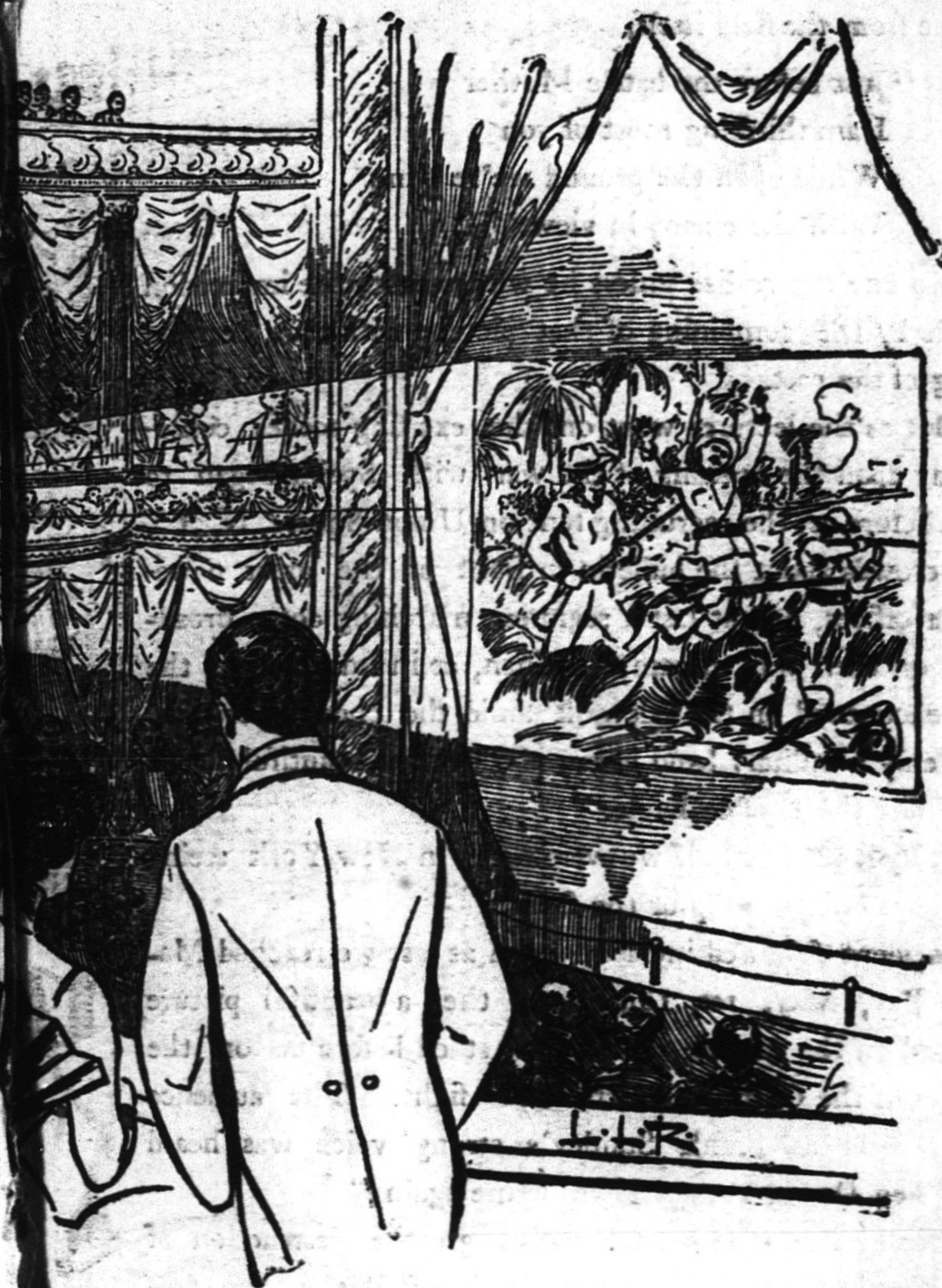
The flag that has never known defeat."

and with the beautiful picture before the audience, the effect was thrilling. As the lecturer proceeded to speak of the horrors of war, there flashed upon the canvas a picture of "The Night before the Battle," the boys sleeping on the ground with guns stacked by their side. Then





LANTERN AND PHONOGRAPH—An evening with Picture and Song





with wonderful distinctness came the old song, seeming to come from the field itself,

“Just before the battle Mother  
I am thinking most of you  
While upon the ground we're lying  
With the enemy in view.”

No one can realize unless he witnesses it, the impression made by the combining of that picture with that dear old song of the past.

But as the lecturer went on, the exciting scenes consequent upon the opening of the war with Spain, began to pass before us; the recruiting tent on Union Square, N. Y., the crowds about the bulletin in front of the great newspaper offices, and at last a regiment marching down Broadway on their way to camp. Then, as in imagination the audience stood on the sidewalk amid the cheering crowds, suddenly a military band began playing that beautiful march “Under the Double Eagle.”

Why it seemed as if we were really in New York seeing the boys off to camp or the front.

Incident followed incident, until at last we reached Manila Bay, May, 1st, 1898; and then a beautiful picture flashed on the canvas; and Dewey stood before us on the bridge of the Olympia directing the fight. The audience went wild as Frank Stanley's strong voice was heard “When Dewey comes sailing home again.”

Step by step we were taken through the destruction of the Merrimac by Hobson, the death of Bagley, the destruction of Cervera's fleet and scenes about Santiago; when the troops rushed up the hill at San Juan, the Phonograph began playing, “The charge of the Rough Riders.” The



clatter of the horses hoofs, the firing and the yells of the men could be distinctly heard, and as the cry rang out, "Three cheers for our gallant Colonel," the face of Roosevelt appeared on the canvas and the enthusiasm rose to high pitch.

But there were good things yet to come. As the speaker dwelt upon the loss of our men by battle and disease there came upon the screen the picture of a soldier dying in the hospital camp. Round about him were the Red Cross nurses, the chaplain and an army officer. Amid profound silence the Edison Quartette began singing "Break the news to Mother" and as the audience looked upon the picture and heard the singing, men and women were in tears all through the audience.

But one of the most thrilling moments of the evening was when Cassi the chief trumpeter of the Rough Riders began sounding the bugle calls of the army. There on the canvas, on his horse, was the bugler, his cornet to his lips sounding his calls over the camp. It was one of the most realistic moments of the evening, and as he sounded "Taps" as given over the graves of Captain Capron and Hamilton Fish, the picture dissolved into a beautiful view of the Rough Riders graves by moonlight. The effect can hardly be described.

The lecture was illustrated by about ninety beautiful views, many of them colored. The closing scenes represented the city of the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven to earth as shown by the angel to John on Patmos; and while the lecturer was describing it as the city where no bulletins will be issued and strife will be unknown, there came sweetly floating on the air that beautiful solo "The



Holy City." The audience went away charmed with the effect of the wonderful combination of picture and music.

A more apt and ingenious arrangement I have never witnessed and everyone said that the Edison Phonograph excelled anything they had ever heard.—*Spectator*.

---

### TO CHRISTINE.

*Who finding an almond with a double kernel, did wager  
her picture 'gainst a box of gloves in a Fillipeen. I caught  
her fairly. Then she forgot, and would not heed her promise.*

I prithee Ladye faire  
To heare my Laye ;  
And if thou haste a care  
Thou'lt heede my Saye.

Like EOS thou art faire and bright,  
And lovelie to beholde,  
Thou turnest Darkness into Light  
Thou makest Day of gloomy Night  
Thy Presence is a Thing divine  
The fabled MIDAS Touch is thine.  
The Touch of Golde.

At Times I see thy Face  
In Fancy wrought,  
Yet quickly, without Grace  
Away 'tis caught—  
For much like filmy Lace  
Is Fancy's Thought.



Could I Thy pictured Face possess  
Then would I care for Naught,  
And if thou'lt to my Quest say "Yes"  
I'd have what long I've sought.

'Tis this I ask  
O Lady faire  
Is it a Task  
That thou shouldst care?

*L'Envoi.*

My Lay is sung. Yet ere I close  
Let one Word intervene,  
Forget not what it is to lose  
A Fillipeen.

EUGENE LEE.

---

Swiss dairymen have discovered that cows will give one-fifth more milk if soothed by sweet melody at milking time. Consequently a milkmaid with a good voice commands a higher price than otherwise. Possibly at no distant day the cows may be entertained with Phonograph concerts during the milking time, or better yet, the prima donnas of the future may measure their relative values as vocalists by the amount of milk they can coax from the charmed cow.

"Is this new play immoral?" asked the friend. "No sir," answered the theatrical manager. "Are you sure?" "Absolutely. The demand for tickets has been the smallest of any week since the house was opened."—From the *Washington Star*.



## THE FARMER.

An *Easy One* in plain words for  
the Children.

See the mer-ry farm-er.  
His name is Si-las. He has  
work-ed hard all day long,  
pick-ing po-ta-to bugs and  
shak-ing hell-e-bore on the  
vines. Or per-haps he used  
par-is green; he did not tell  
me. Now he is hav-ing a  
bang up time. There are  
no flies on Si-las, for he has  
just bought a Pho-no-graph.  
He is an up-to-date gent,  
and he knows a good thing



and he shoves it a-long up to his friends. His child Ma-ry is sit-ting on a soap box in the front row. Ma-ry's lit-tle lamb is look-ing in at the door. It's fleece is white as snow. The gal-li-na-ce-ous feath-er-ed bi-peds are like-wise con-gre-ga-ting at the door. The tune that is playing is Come Sinners, Come. It is a cheer-ful tune. The horse and Jim the hir-ed man are very much pleas-ed. So are the mool-ley cows.



## F



F is for FARMER  
All through his labors  
Out in the barn  
Entertaining his neighbors.



When they are milk-ed in the morn-ing it will be all cream. See the hay and see the har-ness. Si-las has lost the tick-et of the next piece, and is try-ing to de-ci-pher the in-dent-a-tions. Look out Sil-as or you will a-stig-ma-tise your eyes. Put the rec-ord a-way Si-las. It may be Grandpa's Teeth Are On The Bum, which might not please your friends. Bet-ter pick out some coon dit-ty by Ar-thur Col-lins. They



are the stuff. What-ev-er you do Mis-ter Farm-er, keep right on in the good work you have be-gun. He who shares his joys increas-es them four fold. To-mor-row eve-ning, if your crop of bugs and weeds is all gath-er-ed and your chores are done, ask some more of your neighbors to come a-round to hear your new Pho-no-graph. Good-bye Si-las. I like you but I must say au-re-voir.



# *The* PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

**SUBSCRIPTION:—THIRTY CENTS A YEAR**

*Advertising rates to be had on application.*

**The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York**

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ After the manner of certain publications I am going to put up a guessing contest.

Last month I was a Parson Bird, black, serious, sober. I led you to believe that this month I should be tinted, ornithologically; perhaps blue, perhaps gray or red or orange or pink. And here I am, a Snow White Dove, cooing love songs—instead of rat-tat-tatting in A No. 1 woodpecker style; sighing rapturously in strange spondee and staggering strophes, instead of boring for fat talking machine facts and live wriggling anecdotes.

Before I forget it; have *YOU* sent your dimes, *pasted in threes*, for a year's subscription?

Now verily, ye who read my bird talks, I wot I have ye guessing; and I intend to confer a Decoration and Certificate of Membership in the **ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM** on him who shall penetrate the mystery of the color of my next month's bird. No one who works in the printing shop of my friend CAROLUS BROOME shall be eligible for the contest; neither he, nor his kin, nor his friends; for 'twould be manifestly easy to pinch the color when the forms went on the press and thus guess right. Nor shall his friends' friends be eligible; for the spoken word is like a Mauser bullet—its range is beyond relief; and from Broome's shop to Portland Oregon for instance, is but a few seconds of time, comparatively.

To enter my guessing game I shall impose certain conditions; and it is these conditions that mark the PHONOGRAM's contest as distinctly and dignifiedly different from those exploited by and in the Ladies' Bedroom Guest or the Monthly Keyhole or others of the same kind.

The PHONOGRAM's competition will be dignified, and in keeping with the nature of the publication. (*See September*)



## NEW EDISON RECORDS

*Band Records*

Played by the Edison Grand Concert Band.

- 7507 Hands Across the Sea March  
 7505 Iron King March  
 7486 Second New Jersey March  
 7506 Welch National Air *Men of Harleck*

*Orchestra Records*

- 7503 The Mosquitto Parade *A Jersey Review* Peerless

*Bagpipe Solo*

- 7504 Paddy ou the Turnpike *Irish Reel* J. C. McAuliffe

*Banjo Solos*

- |                                   |                |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| 7465 Ameer March                  | Vess L. Ossman |
| 7452 A Warm Reception             | "              |
| 7466 Fortune Teller March         | "              |
| 7479 Hands Across the Sea March   | "              |
| 7510 Hannah's Promenade           | "              |
| 7467 Ragtime Skedaddle            | "              |
| 7476 The Man Behind the Gun March | "              |
| 7485 Zulu Wedding March           | "              |

*Mandolin Solo*

- 7514 Ethiopian Bouquet Samuel Siegel

*Violin Solo*

- 7458 Then You'll Remember Me Charles D'Almaine

*Songs in English*

- |                                                        |                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 7459 Doan ye cry ma honey <i>Picaninny Lullaby</i>     | Dudley            |
| 7488 Friar of Orders Gray                              | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7499 Hybrias the Cretan                                | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7515 I'd rather be poor with you <i>Sentimental</i>    | Madeira           |
| 7508 I'll not go out with Reilly any more <i>Comic</i> | Favor             |
| 7500 King Sol                                          | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7517 Ma Tiger Lily <i>Comic Coon Song</i>              | Arthur Collins    |
| 7522 My Dorothy <i>Sentimental</i>                     | Joe Natus         |



*Songs in English (continued)*

- |      |                              |                    |                   |
|------|------------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| 7509 | My Queen Irene               | Sentimental        | J. J. Fisher      |
| 7493 | Off to Philadelphia          |                    | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7526 | Oh, Wouldn't That Jar You    | Comic              | Dan W. Quinn      |
| 7513 | Only a Dream                 | Sentimental        | May Kelso         |
| 7523 | Roll on Silver Moon          | Yodel              | Geo. P. Watson    |
| 7518 | Side by Side                 | Sentimental        | Miss Newton       |
| 7501 | Stein Song                   |                    | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7512 | Susianna from Louisiana      | Coon Song, Banjo   | Arthur Collins    |
|      | Accompaniment                |                    |                   |
| 7516 | Sweetheart                   | Sentimental        | Harry MacDonough  |
| 7521 | The After-while              | Sentimental        | Joe Natus         |
| 7489 | The Mick who Threw the Brick | Comic              | A. Collins        |
| 7525 | The New Born King            | Sacred             | Harry MacDonough  |
| 7524 | Uncle Harry, What is Love?   | Comic              | Ed. M. Favor      |
| 7502 | War is a Beautiful Jade      | from Princess Chic | Geo. H. Broderick |
| 7520 | Why?                         | Sentimental        | Frank C. Stanley  |

*Song in Italian*

- |       |            |         |                |
|-------|------------|---------|----------------|
| 12104 | Dormi Puré | Romanza | Sig. Francisco |
|-------|------------|---------|----------------|

*Songs in Jewish*

- |       |                  |                          |              |
|-------|------------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| 12114 | Coll Midrey      | Religious                | William Dory |
| 12111 | Das Peshala      | from The Pretty Miriam   | "            |
| 12112 | Der Boocher      |                          | "            |
| 12113 | Der Pusick       | from The Jews in Morocco | "            |
| 12115 | Die Strassenfrau |                          | "            |

*Song in Latin*

- |       |             |  |              |
|-------|-------------|--|--------------|
| 12116 | Tantum Ergo |  | W. F. Hooley |
|-------|-------------|--|--------------|

*Songs in Swedish*

- |       |                  |  |                 |
|-------|------------------|--|-----------------|
| 12106 | Fagelns Visa     |  | Adolph Elmlblad |
| 12105 | Herdegassen      |  | "               |
| 12110 | Man tro? jo. jo. |  | "               |
| 12109 | Necken           |  | "               |
| 12107 | Rose Marie       |  | "               |
| 12108 | Vaggvisa         |  | "               |



*Talking Records*

- |      |                                           |                |
|------|-------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 7487 | Advice to Women                           | Frank Kennedy  |
| 7482 | Einstein on Fire <i>Jewish Dialect</i>    | Will N. Steele |
| 7464 | Einstein on the War <i>Jewish Dialect</i> | "              |
| 7519 | Shultz on the Turkish Bath                | Frank Kennedy  |

## NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

*Orchestra Record*

- |       |                                     |          |
|-------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| B 451 | Battle of Manila <i>Descriptive</i> | Peerless |
|-------|-------------------------------------|----------|

*Songs in English*

- |       |                                                |                        |
|-------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| B 441 | Cold Feet <i>Comic</i>                         | Will Denny             |
| B 440 | Creole Love Song <i>Soprano</i>                | Miss Marguerite Ashton |
| B 448 | Dear Old Bess and I <i>Sentimental</i>         | Joe Natus              |
| B 443 | For Old Times' Sake <i>Sentimental</i>         | Will Denny             |
| B 442 | Just When I Needed You Most <i>Sentimental</i> | "                      |
| B 439 | Paterson Waltz Song <i>Soprano</i>             | Miss Ashton            |

*Coronet Solos*

- |       |                                           |          |
|-------|-------------------------------------------|----------|
| B 447 | In the Happy Moments <i>from Maritana</i> | Al Sweet |
| B 446 | Prismatic Polka                           | "        |

*Songs in French*

- |         |                     |                |
|---------|---------------------|----------------|
| B 11063 | Arioso d'Hamlet     | Mons. B. Begue |
| B 11065 | Invocation de Faust | "              |
| B 11064 | La Favorite         | "              |
| B 11066 | Le Trouvere         | Madam Alba     |
| B 11062 | Ninon               | "              |

*Violin Solo*

- |       |                                                 |                 |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| B 450 | Come All Ye Faithful <i>Special Arrangement</i> | Chas. D'Almaine |
| B 421 | Home Sweet Home                                 | W. Fredericks   |
| B 449 | Raff's Cavatina                                 | Chas. D'Almaine |

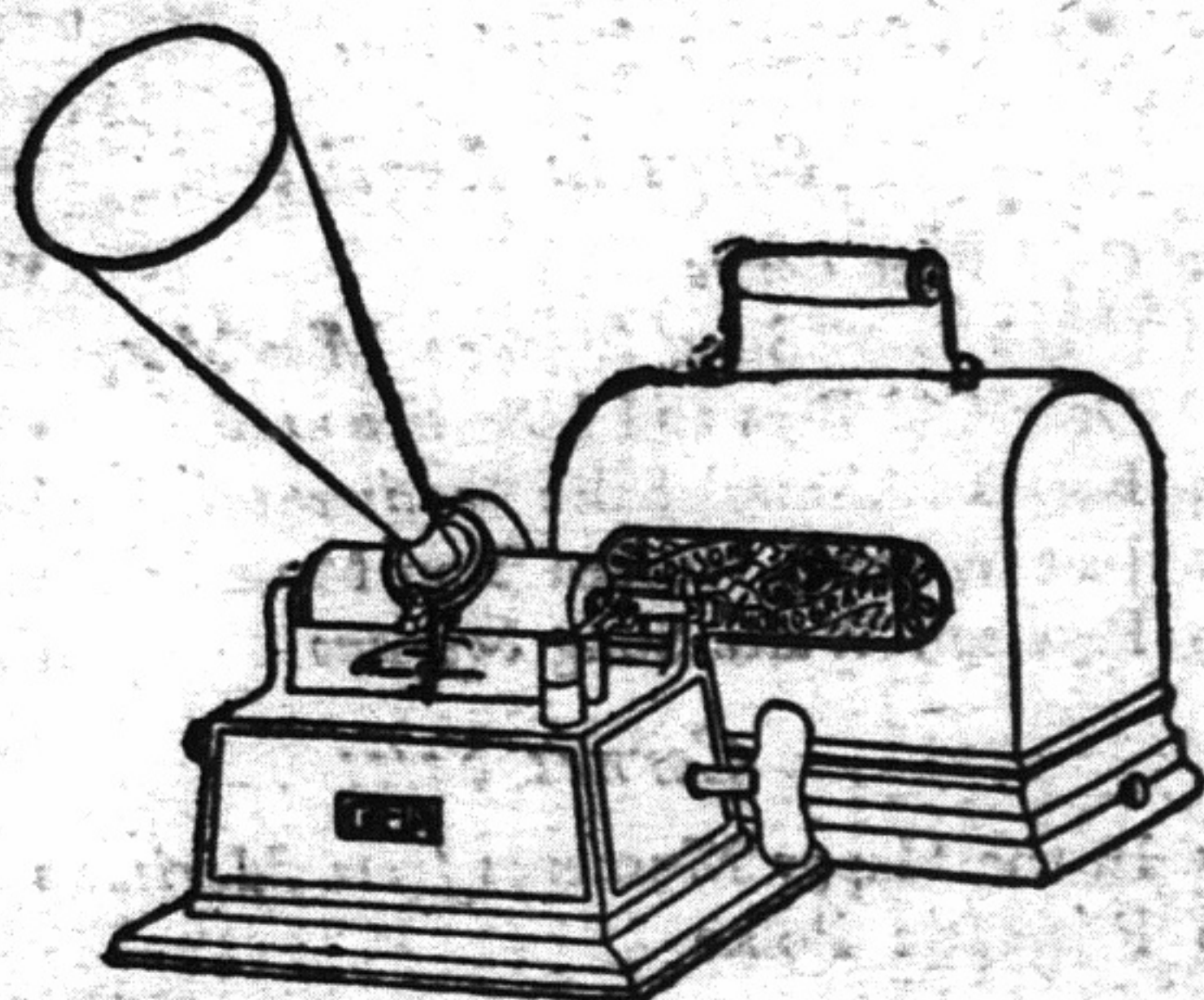
*Whistling Solo*

- |       |                            |             |
|-------|----------------------------|-------------|
| B 445 | Ben Hur Chariot Race March | Joe Belmont |
|-------|----------------------------|-------------|



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